

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

PROTECTION AGAINST FLIES.

The plague of flies touches a very tender spot—the pocket-book—for it causes animals to lose flesh or at least to make less food for protection to the animals we save money as truly as we do by giving them comfortable shelter. The best protection for hogs is the wallow. Though cattle have tough hides, flies occasion them much discomfort, and it is humane and profitable to make a smudge. In some situations this is actually necessary at certain seasons. The animals soon learn to take advantage of the smoke.

Horses suffer greatly from flies on account of a tender skin and sensitive nervous organization. When we have them work their struggles against their tormentors are annoying to us. It is unpleasant to see animals kicking, biting, and stamping at flies. For farm teams the cheapest protection is leather nets. With reasonable care these will last for years. They should be cleaned and oiled at least once a month while they are in use or the sweat of the animals will rapidly rot them. They increase the warmth of the animal as little as any efficient protection. Cotton nets are a good protection to the carriage horse, but are not strong enough for farm work. Those who cannot buy leather nets should get the coarsest gunny sack. This, being very open, does not much heat the animal. The cover should reach over the neck, with pockets to cover the ears. These covers should be washed once a month while in use and when they are put away at the end of the season. Gnats infest the inside of horses' ears. Pure lard is a good protection, applied once a day. The deposit by the bot-fly of its eggs under the jaw makes many horses almost unmanageable. A cloth can be tied to the bridle in such a way as to protect the jaw.

The legs of horses require protection even more than their bodies. Flies choose the legs, as the skin on these parts is thinner and the blood-vessels are nearer the surface. It is strange that we do not often see the legs of the animals protected, as the flies are not much disturbed by stamping. Leggings from old overalls, or made of gunny sacks, are good material, and the man ashamed to drive a farm so protected about his farm has far more false pride than good sense. Leggings made like the leather nets for the body are, in the end, the cheapest and can be made by any harness-maker.—*American Agriculturalist.*

MORE SHELTER ROOM.

Few farms in this part of Virginia have enough shelter room. It is the best farmer who can farm successfully in rainy weather. But no one can do this without plenty of shelter to protect all sorts of crops.

For sheltering hay, fodder and many other crops, large open sheds serve just as good a purpose as a barn, and are much cheaper. It is only necessary to have a good shingle roof over that will not leak, and let the sides remain open—something like an old-time apple-nill shed, erected on pillars, but larger. In the peanut belt, large sheds of this sort would be found very serviceable as places for storing away the peanut shucks, after the vines are cured, previous to picking off. Several hundred shucks might be put under one of these sheds—a farmer's whole crop, in fact, in most cases. In seasons like that of 1887, when so many peanuts were ruined by exposure in the field, these sheds would be very serviceable.

But it often happens that farmers need shelter room for grain, hay, clover and other crops at the time of harvest and if they had it might save many tons of valuable feed from spoiling. There ought to be one or more large open sheds on every farm. They would be found serviceable all the year round—for sheltering wagons, carts, plows, &c., or the cows and sheep in winter.

No investment of the same amount of money that a farmer could make would pay better or be found more serviceable than one of these large open buildings. Tough, cheap material would answer as well as any—only be sure to have it a shingle roof that would not leak. Don't have a leaky roof. It spoils everything. Cedar and locust posts can be had upon the place and the farmer can do the work during the leisure weeks in August. Try it.—*Petersburg Index Appeal.*

Notes.

A lamb will put on more flesh than a yearling, and will do so on less feed.

Bay or old of meat from the butchers and cook it. Chop up the meat and pour the water used in cooking over soft feed—and you have a splendid dish for laying hens.

The essentials to sound health of mind and body are freedom from care and anxiety. An abundance of wholesome and well-prepared food. Eight hours' sleep out of every twenty-four hours.

Grease is destructive to all insect vermin which so interest domestic animals, and at this season begin to multiply with great rapidity. Grease of almost any kind, kerosene, and a few drops of creosote added, will robbed on chickens will, it is said, soon cure them of vermin.

AN UNHEALTHFUL AUGUST.

The following editorial from the Philadelphia Press contains some very valuable suggestions that it will well repay perusal:

It will be wise if people living in the neighborhood visited by the copious rain falls of July take precautions to guard themselves against the diseases which must almost necessarily result from the recent unusual precipitation. Should August prove to be a hot month it will probably be marked, by more than its share of sickness. This applies to both town and country, and care will be as necessary in the one as in the other locality. But with a general knowledge of the situation in mind and by the exercise of a few common-sense precautions most of the ills following the unusual atmospheric conditions of this summer can be avoided.

The phenomenal rainfall of July following, as it did, a wet June, has thoroughly saturated the ground and the walls of buildings with moisture. Many cellars have also been flooded, and even where such an inconvenience has not resulted basements must for some time to come be damp and musty and they are located on very dry soil and are well ventilated. Where the most favorable conditions do not exist every effort should be made to keep the air in cellars dry and pure. If this is not done the foul atmosphere will permeate the whole house and be inhaled by every occupant. In the country extra precautions will have to be taken about exposure to the night air by lingering on porches and sitting by open windows. The turf and the dense foliage of the trees are completely saturated with moisture, which as soon as the sun sets give off damp and unwholesome exhalations.

Another danger to be guarded against is the drinking water. The violent rainfalls have swept an unusual extent of country and washed the surface drainage into the large streams without the usual time for the water to deposit the sediment. Climes which draw their water supply from the rivers are now feeling the effects in being compelled to use a muddy, forbidding beverage. But as the supply is constantly renewed, the result will hardly be as deleterious in town as in the country, where the summer boarding-house drinking water is often taken from springs and shallow wells. The condition of provisions ought also to be carefully inspected and as small a supply as possible kept on hand. Ice chests, in the damp, humid atmosphere which is almost certain to prevail this month, are more likely to be a source of disease than of sweetness and health.

There is one class that will have to be guarded with unusual care if it is to be carried safely through the next four or five weeks, and that is very young children. No part of the population is so susceptible to the condition of the atmosphere, and as they are confined largely to the house, they are particularly liable to diseases resulting from bad ventilation. This fact is always evident in hot, humid weather, such as promises to prevail for a few weeks to come. The physicians of Boston report that the infantile diseases have increased to an alarming degree in that city during the past month. The number of deaths among children is more than double what it was last year for the same time.

Pasturage for Colts and Cattle.

It is important that pasturage be properly chosen, especially for growing colts. If this is on very rich land, or watery, the grass will be too rank for the growth of fine, strong bones and firm, enduring muscle. Colts grown up on such land will be pretty sure to be wanting in spirit, be slow of movement and deficient in wind; so much so that when in harness, if put up to a moderately fast pace—which can only be done by a repeated application of the whip—they breathe painfully, sweat intolerably and soon tire. The best pasture ground for colts is such as is well drained or naturally rather dry, and if it abounds with scattered rocks a foot or more in diameter, these are not objectionable, but small stones are, for the colts in running about are liable to strike on them to the injury of their hoofs, while they avoid the larger ones and rocks in their exercise.

The grass on such lands is sweet and tender, highly relished by the colts and very nutritious. Growing up on such, especially if limited to it, the feet and legs and the bones of the whole body become extra strong, more like ivory than common bone grown on quite succulent pasture. For cattle the pasture need not be so select in quality, for they will do well on meadows where the water is generally a little below the surface of the soil only occasionally overflowing for a few hours and then drying off well.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other skin diseases caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malaria fevers. For cure of Headache, Consumption and Indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price 50 cts. and \$1.00 per bottle at B. Schmidt's Drug Store, Woodstock, or at L. H. Jordan, Mt. Jackson.

IT WAS A WOMAN'S FOOT.

HOW THE TRAGEDY OF A FORMER POTOMAC FLOOD WAS REVEALED.

"I tell you, sir, nobody can tell what is under those piles." The speaker, a tall, broad-shouldered boatman, was seated just opposite a Post reporter in a small frail skiff, such as are used in gunning on the river. They were shooting the "breaks" among the "mats," known as Beal's Island, just below Seneca dam, and on every side were to be seen the marks of the recent flood of the Potomac. The scene was a strange and weird one. Overhead the great trees swung their branches over the waters as they swirled and eddied in their wild rush onward. The caw-caw of the crows heard faintly in the distance and the murmur of the water as it boiled and bubbled about the boat, fell musically upon the ear; and the bit of blue sky which could be seen at intervals through the tops of trees formed a bright background for a strange, incongruous picture.

Swinging from the leafless limbs of the trees were great masses of driftwood, held by grasses which had been swept round and round as eddies, and far more securely, as though done by the hand of man. Up in the forks of others were huge logs, and suspended from the crochets of some were the dead and rotting bodies of cattle, while from the limb of one hung a brightly painted baby's rocking chair, telling in itself of the desolation of some erst happy home. In some places the upper layer of the soil forming the mats had been swept away, leaving bare the huge sinewy, snake-like roots of great trees; while in others there were great masses of drift piled twelve to fourteen feet high.

It was to those deposits that the boatman had alluded in his remark. He had been telling of the reported drowning in the recent flood of the boys who had been washed off Mason's Island a short distance above Seneca. "No, sir," reiterated he, "you can't tell what is under them." A man could go through these "breaks" and tramp over these "mats," day after day, and week after week, and a score of bodies be lying about and he would never notice anything amiss, unless his attention was attracted by the smell of the bodies. The only way to make sure that there were no bodies would be to search the drift piles carefully, and even then you could not swear that no one was there. I remember," continued he, growing interested in his subject, "an occurrence just after the freshet of 1877. It had been reported about Seneca that during the flood four or five persons had been swept from an island above Seneca dam and drowned. Search was made all along the river, on both shores, and every effort was made to locate the bodies, but all proved futile. It was thought that they might be beneath the drift which collected on the 'mats' much as it is now, only not so heavily, and many of the piles were moved, but without any discoveries being made, and, finally, the search was abandoned. Days had grown into weeks, and more than a month passed when one day, just after the river had risen a little above its normal height, a boatman came over to the 'mats' in search of driftwood. Going from one to the other of the islands he finally saw a large plank lying on one of the larger ones. It was a good piece of timber, and would doubtless have been washed away long before had it not been wedged between a rock and a small tree.

"He was anxious to secure it and after some difficulty he succeeded in raising the end from its resting place, and bracing himself flung it to one side. Just as he was stooping down to pick it up a second time his eye was caught by something white glistening in bright contrast to the soft black mud in which the plank had been lying. Going to it he found that it was the foot of a woman, and digging a little deeper the ankle and lower portion of a leg were exposed to his view. He hesitated no longer, but returned at once to Seneca and told his story, saying that he was going back and dig up the body, if such it was. Volunteers were numerous and soon a large party were at work examining the remains. They proved to be those of a woman, who had to all appearances been buried beneath the mud and driftwood which had been thrown upon the 'mat' during the freshet over a month before. Further search was made and another body, that of a man, was found.

"That is the story as I got it," said the ferryman, "and any one along here will tell it to you as I have. If this occurred once may it not happen a second time, and may not these drifts conceal corpses that may never be found?"

Does Not Pay.

McFingle—I notice, Mac, you never give card parties. Why is it?

McFangle—Can't afford it.

"But you have to spend for the cards and cigars."

"Oh, yes; that's all very true. But it isn't polite to win from one's guests, you know; but it's all right for them to win."—*Lawrence American.*

He Thought It Capital.

Bright Boy—I hope they won't abolish capital punishment in the schools, father.

Proud Parent—What do you mean by that, my son?

Bright Boy—Well, being put overboard the girls. Ain't that capital punishment.—*Lowell Citizen.*

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A GIRL ON THE COW-CATCHER.

SHE WAS PERTINENT RUNAWAY MAUDE ABBOTT, OF BUCKSPORT, ME.

A Bangor (Me.) telegram says: The greatest sensation in Eastern Maine this week has been caused by the remarkable exploits of Maude Abbott, the pretty girl of nineteen years, who attempted to commit suicide by shooting three weeks ago because her parents wouldn't allow her to marry. Yesterday the girl had made such progress towards recovery that her attending physicians decided that it would be safe to allow her to be removed to her home in Bucksport. Her parents, who are very prominent people in this section, came to the city on an early train, but much to their surprise she positively refused to go with them. The services of the police were called, and the entire party stormed the Sprague domicile, where the girl has been during her illness.

An officer entered first, and Sprague, who is a large, muscular fellow, struck him a terrible blow in the face, knocking him down and bringing blood. The lord of the mansion was then placed where he could do no harm and attention given to the girl, who, although white, and to all appearances faint from the effects of her illness, fought like a tigress. She scratched and kicked the officers and her father. She got herself into position where she could fasten her teeth in the latter's hand. The vixen was finally pinioned and carried to a carriage and lifted upon the back seat, but succeeded in squirming upon the floor of the vehicle. Her resolute parents entered the carriage, and throwing a shawl over the girl's shoulders directed the driver to start for Bucksport.

It was supposed that her flight would effect her wounds, and that the result might prove fatal; but such was not the case. She declared during the whole journey that she would escape and return to Sprague. She would rather die than not live with him, but she was not supposed to have sufficient strength to carry out her threat. Her people evidently underestimated her powers, for this morning before the train which leaves Bucksport for Bangor at 5 o'clock had started, the trainmen were surprised to see a girl figure come flying down to the depot. It was Maude Abbott, who had escaped from her home and ran but less and scarcely dressed a distance of two miles.

The train was just moving as the girl reached the depot, and deathly pale from her violent exertion, she jumped upon the pilot of the locomotive. She had scarcely landed when the engineer, who was so startled at the queer performance that he did not even think of stopping to have her taken from her precarious condition, saw her father coming in hot pursuit. He cried, "Stop that train and give me my girl!"

The mad runaway saw him at the same time, and with a look of determination flashing from her eyes she jumped from the train down an embankment and started for the river. Her father had run all the way from home and was only about half dressed and breathless from the exertion, but he continued his pursuit, knowing that the girl would certainly throw herself into the river. He caught her just as she had reached the wharf. She was so exhausted that she fell back into his arms. She soon permitted herself to be conducted to a carriage, but wanted to be allowed to drive home alone. The privilege was refused.

The girl will now be placed in close confinement until her parents are better able to control her. Her peculiar actions for the past two days have led many persons to think that her life in Bangor for the past few months may have partially deranged her mind. Her eyes are continually flashing. One moment she is laughing and the next she is raving to return to this city and her lover. Her friends and those who best know her, however declare that her actions are the result of sheer willfulness and that a little wholesome discipline will cause her to cease being so erratic and spectacular.

"Miss Fitt, do you think Miss Giggie is laughing at me?" "I can't say, Mr. Sotleigh. She often laughs at almost nothing."

A Lady's Gratitude.

WACO, TEXAS, May 9, 1888. Gentleman—Knowing that you appreciate voluntary testimonials, we take pleasure in stating that one of our lady customers has regained her health by the use of four large bottles of your great remedy, after having been an invalid for several years. Her trouble was extreme debility, caused by a disease peculiar to her sex. WILLIS & Co., Druggists.

Mrs. E. FOURTH ST., KANSAS CITY, Mo.: I have tried all patent medicines, but never found one like to S. S. S. I was troubled with weakness incident to women, pain in the back and chest. When I began taking your medicine I weighed only 84 pounds; to-day I weigh 151, and feel well and hearty.

Miss Lydia Jones.

AUBURN, MAINE.—My mother suffered from nervous prostration. She had no relish for food, and could not walk without experiencing great fatigue. We used the ordinary remedies, without permanent results. We heard of Swift's Specific and its tonic effects. After using it my mother has regained her health and strength. She owes her present vigorous health to Swift's Specific. It is the best tonic I ever heard of.

Orlando J. Hackett.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

MRS. LINCOLN'S BAD TEMPER.

THE PRESIDENT CREEPT IN THE BACK DOOR TO ESCAPE HER WRATH.

In William H. Herndon's new book are given for the first time glimpses of Mr. Lincoln's domestic side which leave no chance for mystification as to the reason for the unpopularity of the great man's married life. While Mrs. Lincoln was proud, quick-tempered, sharp-tongued, and eccentric husband, what angel among my fairer sisters would have enjoyed keeping house with a man who encouraged his boy to turn the house topsy-turvy and served butter to his guests with his own knife—ignoring all conventionalities of polite society. Herndon says that Mr. Lincoln was in the habit of lying in his house on the floor with the back of a chair for a pillow, while he read. One evening while in this position a knock was heard at the door, and he answered it in his shirt sleeves. Finding two ladies at the door, he invited them into the parlor, not knowing that in his familiar way he would "trot the women folks out."

Mrs. Lincoln overheard the remark and took in the scene. Her indignation was instantaneous and unbridled, and she made the situation exceedingly embarrassing for him. He retreated from the house, head down, did not return till very late at night, and then slipped in at a rear door.

His fear of Mrs. Lincoln's violent temper is illustrated by another anecdote now told for the first time by Herndon.

"One day a man making improvements in Lincoln's yard suggested to Mrs. Lincoln the propriety of cutting down one of the trees, to which she assented. Before doing so, however, the man came down to our office and consulted Mr. Lincoln himself about it.

"What did Mrs. Lincoln say?" inquired the latter.

"Cut it down."

"Then in God's name cut it down to the roots!"

A Drummer's Views of Drummers.

"Facts—I'll fill your paper with facts enough to knock you silly."

"Let 'em go."

"Well, say, I'm a travelling man. Commercial tourist. Drummer. We have two or three associations. I belong to 'em all. We number 150,000 and we are kicking. Kicking about sleeping car porters. Wait till we see what we'll do at our next meeting.

We're going to resolve not to pay 'em a cent. Now look here, 0.11 of our 150,000 two-thirds of us, or 100,000, travel 200 nights in a year. Ain't that so? Well, there's 100,000 on the road to-night. They'll give the porters a quarter each; that's \$25,000 a night; 200 nights, \$5,000,000 a year. The sleeping car companies have figured on this and only pay the porters \$15 a month. They're fly, and, mind you, this doesn't count in other travelers. 'Tat that in, will you? Say, where did you get that five-cent torch, anyhow. Here, take a good one. I've got a box o' 'em charged up as allowance on damaged freight.

There was a remarkable coincidence of events in the lives of Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln until each approached the climacteric of his public career. They were both born in Kentucky, Davis in 1808 and Lincoln in 1809. They both were removed from their native State in childhood, Davis being carried to the Southwest and Lincoln further to the Northwest, then so called. Both of them began their political careers at the same period, in 1844, Davis being then a Presidential Elector for Polk and Lincoln an Elector for Henry Clay. Both served in the Indian wars of the west, and both were elected to Congress about the same time, 1845 and 1846. And, lastly, in the parallel, in the same year, and almost on the same day, they were called upon to preside over their respective governments, Davis as President of the Confederate State and Lincoln of the United States.

The Umpire's Day of Rest.

It had been a close game, says the New York Evening Sun, and it had been full of those close decisions which both clubs and their backers think wrong, if the voice of the umpire is against their wishes. Finally, in the tenth inning, when the bases were full and only one run was needed to win, the umpire decided the striker out.

This was the straw that broke the camel's back. The losing club lodged at the umpire with shrieks and curses, and but for the prompt interference of the police he would have been battered then and there.

The excitement was prodigious. The angry masses surged back and forth, and every man on the ground but one was in a fury. The solitary exception, that one calm and unruffled man, was the umpire.

His imperturbable patience and sanity attracted the attention of a reporter, and when the mob had exhausted its violence against the protecting cordon of police and the umpire was at length able to leave the field in safety, the reporter accosted him.

"W. W. you're a real old man today," he remarked sympathetically.

"Oh, I don't know," said the quiet man. "That wasn't much. I'm just off for my holiday, and resting myself."

"May I ask you, sir," inquired the reporter respectfully, "if the account of today strikes you as a hot play bet what may be your regular business."

"Certainly," replied the strange, calm man, "I am the complaint clerk in the gas company's office."

FIRST EXPERIENCE IN A SLEEPING CAR.

"I see some queer things while knocking around the country," said a traveling man yesterday, "and one of the funniest circumstances that I can recall happened last Friday night. I was running up the Milwaukee road a few hundred miles, and when I left Sioux City my only fellow passengers were an old man and his wife, who occupied the lower section across from me. They had their berth made up early and soon retired. I guess it was the first time they had ever traveled in a sleeper, by the way they acted, for they were pretty awkward about undressing, and I heard the old lady lecture her husband for not getting a larger room. After some notting grumbling all was quiet, and then came a deep snore, accompanied by one a trifle more subdued. It is evident the old people were asleep. At Manilla Junction a large party came in and taxed the sleeper to its full capacity. The porter had to remove the baggage of the couple, which was stowed above them, and assigned the berth to a little, inoffensive citizen weighing about 120 pounds.

He removed his shoes and was climbing into the bunk when the old lady woke up and began screaming. This aroused her husband, who came running down the aisle. 'Say, there's a man just come into our room,' the old gentleman gasped out. The porter tried to explain that he would not annoy them and had a right to be there. But neither would believe this and the old man declared that the porter had let him in to rob them. He was also indignant to think any one should be allowed to sleep in the same compartment as his wife, and finally he and the old lady got up and dressed and insisted on the porter removing the bedding from their berth so they could use the seats. I peeped through the curtains and saw them both sitting there nodding, but every few minutes they would suddenly remember and sit bolt upright. I pitied the poor, deluded couple, and really the situation was not lacking in pathos, for they were thoroughly in earnest. When I got off the train early next morning they were still sitting there, but both were sound asleep, the old gentleman with his arms around his wife's waist and her head pillowed on his shoulder."

All for the Best.

"Is that check good for anything?" asked a stranger, as he presented the paper at a Griswold street bank the other day.

"No, sir," was the prompt reply; "did you take it at its face value?"

"No. It's for \$30, and I only lent the man ten on it."

"Well, you are done for. We know of no such person here."

"I'm beat, eh?"

"You are."

"Done with my eyes wide open?"

"Yes."

"And deserve no sympathy?"

"Probably not."

"Want, it looks that way, and maybe I deserved it. I thought I was about as sharp and cunning as any man in the state of Michigan, but providence was waiting to make a fool of me at the right time. My head isn't half as big as it was an hour ago, and I don't seem to want to swear, chew tobacco or kill a policeman. Kinder cruse, ain't it. Guess it's for the best, or will be after I walk fifteen miles to get home. When you see crushed strawberries think of yours truly."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Born That Way.

Two or three days ago Station House Keeper John Jorner was sitting out in front of the guard house when an old negro man and a little negro child came by. The child's thin black legs were bent after the fashion of pot books, and nine people out of ten that saw the child would stop to stare at its bow legs.

"That your child, uncle?" asked the station house keeper.

"Yesser. Leas' he oughter be."

"Mighty bow legged."

"Yasser." admitted the old man, "his doct'or sorter day, boss."

"Natural deformity?"

"No, sah," quickly, "he was jern born dat way."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Old Dadly, one of the young nobleman who were recently arrested in the raid upon the Feld Club, is said to have lost \$50,000 at cards in Paris.

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CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is superior to any purgative known to us. It is a safe, reliable, and pleasant medicine. It is sold by all druggists and grocers. H. A. Archer, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Worms, Indigestion, Biliousness, Kinds of Jaundice, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication. THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N.Y.

Piedmont Air Line Route.

RICHMOND & DANVILLE R. R. CO. CONDENSED SCHEDULE. In effect Sept. 4, 1887. Trains run by 75th Meridian Time.

SOUTHBOUND.		No. 30.	No. 31.	No. 32.	No. 33.
		Daily.	Daily.	Daily.	Daily.
Leave Washington	8:30 a.	11:21 a.	5:30 p.	11:00 p.	
" Alexandria	8:55 "	11:45 "	5:55 "	11:25 "	
" Manassas	9:51 "	12:35 p.	7:03 "	12:15 a.	
" Warrenton Junction	10:22 "	1:01 p.	7:35 "	12:45 "	
" Orange	11:43 "	2:15 "	9:01 "	1:55 "	
" Charlottesville	1:10 p.	3:25 "	10:30 "	3:00 "	
Arrive Lynchburg	3:25 "	5:45 "	1:00 a.	3:15 "	
" Hot Springs	8:03 "	7:30 "	6:10 a.	3:15 "	
" Danville		8:30 "		7:45 "	
" Asheville				3:08 p.	
" Atlanta		1:20 p.		7:05 "	
" Chattanooga	9:05 a.		5:45 p.		
" Memphis	10:15 p.		6:10 a.		
" New Orleans	7:10 a.		7:10 p.		
" Louisville			7:10 p.		
" Cincinnati			6:00 "		

NORTHBOUND.

		No. 34.	No. 35.	No. 36.	No. 37.
		Daily.	Daily.	Daily.	Daily.
Leave Danville	10:30 a.	11:40 a.	12:35 p.	3:50 p.	5:50 p.
" Lynchburg	1:30 p.	2:05 "	3:50 a.	5:50 p.	
" Charlottesville	4:00 "	4:15 "	6:05 "	5:30 "	
" Warrenton Junction	4:04 "	4:19 "	7:04 "	5:30 "	
" Orange	6:24 "	6:39 "	8:50 "	7:35 "	
" Manassas	7:03 "	6:55 "	9:22 "	8:22 "	
" Alexandria	8:23 "	8:05 "	10:45 "	9:40 "	
Arrive Washington	11:25 "	10:03 "	12:00 p.	11:25 "	
" Philadelphia	3:00 a.	12:35 p.	1:30 a.	3:00 a.	
" New York	6:30 "	3:30 "	4:50 "	6:20 "	